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VANITY FAIR

February, 1863.

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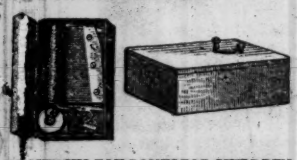

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AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Extra Announcement.

Mr. Wheatley has much pleasure in announcing that he has effected an engagement with the celebrated artist,

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A SKETCH WITH COLOR IN IT.

Boy.—"COME, DARKY, HURRY UP THEM FISH-BALLS! YER FORGETTIN' YER STATION IN SOCIETY, MAYBE, SINCE THE PROCLAMATION SET IN!"

A Jar between North and South.

A CAIRO correspondent of the *Daily Times* states that the IVINS torpedo, by which the Union gun-boat *Cairo* was destroyed, consisted of little else than a twelve-gallon demijohn, filled with powder.

Of course no boat could be expected to survive such a tremendous Jar as that.

"Bitter Sweet."

SOME "benefactor of the human race," who advertises a fine article of patent bitters, warns intending purchasers against a "mushroom imitation" of it.

If the gentleman in question refers to Ketchup, let us accept the spurious article with thanks.

Depends upon the Will.

THERE is a Gate through which one man may come to fortune, another to grief.

We allude to the Surrogate.

"Nurse, commend me to thy Mistress!"
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

IT appears that the Secretary of the London "CONFEDERATE AID SOCIETY" is one Mr. FREDERICK NURSE. Name most apt to the nature of the office! We wonder whether this NURSE is of the wet or dry persuasion?

But, on reflection, we need not wonder. For, following the well-known traditions of his family, the CONFEDERATE BANTLING is, doubtless, brought up "on the bottle."

We fancy we hear NURSE soothing the "Babby" with something like the following lullaby:

"Rock-a-bye, TREASON,
Safe, while ("in a horn")
England stands neutral,
As sure as you're born!"

TO A SHINPLASTER.

TOKEN precarious,
One of a various
Fluttering, gregarious, innumerous brood;
Fair though thy face is,
Such promising cases,
There's no solid basis for reckoning "good."

Transparent supplanter
Of coin, that instanter
Vamosed in a canter, from contact with trash;
When CHASE, like a noddy,
His millions of shoddy—
Wings minus the body—decreed should be cash.

First came the nation's notes,
Then corporation notes,
Then private station notes; zounds what a run!
Mere Rag Lane issues
Of picturesque tissues,
One day they'll dish us, as sure as a gun.

Millions are coming
Past any man's summing,
But Congress is humming its stereotyped staves
'Bout "boundless resources,"
While Faction endorses
The profligate courses of swindlers and knaves.

Each eye not dim sees
The end of the "flimsies;"
We can't always swim seas of credit and craft,
One fact's past blinking,
We soon shall be sinking,
And ought to be thinking of some sort of raft.

ORIGIN OF SHODDY.

SHAKESPEARE is the first writer who has ever alluded to "shoddy," although he does not make use of the word itself. Careful students of that great author will remember how he makes *King Lear* devise a "delicate stratagem" for springing a raid upon his enemies with a troop of horse shod with felt; but it is not generally known that old *Lear* actually directed his Secretary of War to advertise for tenders from parties capable of footing up horses in the manner proposed. The person to whom the contract was awarded did not bear a character altogether free from blame. He was a confidence-man, a pocket-book-dropper, a sailor's boarding-house keeper, and a Tombs lawyer. What more could have been desired by his Government when they trusted in him? Nothing. Felt was felt about the time this contract was taken; and so the worthy man who took it felt it wouldn't do to be very particular, and substituted for felt an inferior article made of Egyptian mummy rags four thousand years old. The shoes looked very pretty, and fitted nicely; but, as soon as ever the horses on which they were put were urged to a gallop, the inferior article crumbled to an impalpable dust, enveloped in a cloud of which *Lear's* cavalry made a very successful raid, riding three times around the hostile army without being visible to any of the pickets. Hence the inferior article became very celebrated; and, because *Lear's* horses were shod with it, Shoddy is the name it goes by even at the present day.

Sootable Accommodations.

WE have lately read, in a St. Louis paper, a marvellous account of a great swarm of bees discovered in the chimney of a house in that city, where the industrious little creatures had accumulated a deposit of nearly 3000 pounds of honey.

A chimney may by some be considered rather a strange place for bees to hive in; but we suppose that they selected it to Soot themselves.

MORE GUROWSKI!

[OUR Special Busybody in Washington has just discovered the original MS. of Count GUROWSKI's diary, and finds that the published portion is comparatively small. There are a great many passages of intense interest, that the noble Russian did not see fit to print for the vulgar eye of the American public. Our indefatigable *attaché* has been to the trouble of copying some of these suppressed paragraphs, and sends them to VANITY FAIR solely; but we will permit other papers to reproduce them with due credit.]

DIARY.

"Never shall I gain any office or money from this beast of a Democratic party. I shall then puff the Republicans, and the dirty *canaille*, the peoples. General WADSWORTH uses his influence for me; he is rich. To lick-spit for him is my card. I am used of that since 1805 in Russia. Curses upon this country where a foreign nobleman cannot be President. I am envious of this LINCOLN. He must be a fool, for he laughs to my beard. . . . . .

"This morning have I been refused a Major-Generalship of negroes. I am called too fat. Curse on my obesity! General WADSWORTH is an angel. He has lended me four dollars and introduced me to his bootmaker. He is the only man fit to be Commander-in-Chief. He is like a Russian. To-morrow I sound MCCLELLAN for a place on his staff, with good pay. If that I get it, I shall puff him so he will not be sorry. He is handsome, brave, and generous already. . . . .

"To-day said MCCLELLAN to me that he will see about my appointment. I look to pay my hotel-bill, if I cannot avoid it. MCCLELLAN is a fine officer.

"To-day this MCCLELLAN tells me that he has inquired about me from every one, and he can give no appointment to me. He has the head of a pig, this upstart soldier, and the mind of an ape. I knew he was not of account. How I loathe these Democrats who give me nothing! Wrote as much to STANTON. . . . . .

"Thank heaven, WADSWORTH has succeeded in getting me a clerkship under Government. Noble patriot! Secretary STANTON consented to help me also. STANTON is then an angel. Were there more like him, it would be better for America and GUROWSKI. *Valete curæ!* . . . . . .

"This a strange Government. Mr. LINCOLN blew his nose this morning in the presence of his Cabinet! How unlike the Russian court! Me, I never blow my nose. This country is a failure. MCCLELLAN has been made Commander-in-Chief. But STANTON will spoil all he is set to do, and I and General WADSWORTH will help. This MCCLELLAN, these Democrats, must be crushed. Wrote this to the President.

"The *Evening Post* once said I am no gentleman, and ridiculed me. But I see that I must praise it, for it supports that good man STANTON. Without him, my duns are clamorous. As we say in my own sweet Russian: '*Klikker zwip yruzzzcki blog, zctlwrip hgsk pligs snickvitch rip!*' That is true poetry.

"To-day am I presented to Senators SUMNER and WILSON. This last is—or was—a bootmaker, and that causes unpleasant reflections. However, I embrace all these dear Abolitionists. They obey STANTON finely, and will get fat offices when they have made him President. Why not me, also? I, too, will be an Abolitionist. I am one.

"The swinish MCCLELLAN has won a great battle. I have written to the *Evening Post* an article from an eye-witness, to show how it was a terrible defeat. The article is published, transposed in good English, which is what I cannot and care not to write. Senator SUMNER has employed me to translate some French for him yesterday. He promises me a hundred dollars a day. His uncle's cousin wishes a contract for army boot-jacks, and he asks me to urge it upon STANTON. SUMNER is a great statesman. One hundred dollars a day! STANTON shall award the contract. . . . . .

"Thank Heaven we have at last succeeded. MCCLELLAN is withdrawn from the command, and as there can be no investigation, no exposure shall come to us. HALLECK is Commander-in-Chief, but he likes not these SUMNERS, WILSONS, etc. What a General is this! He shall never succeed, if we can help it!

"The army-bootjack contract has been refused. Senator SUMNER wants no more translations. He promises me other work, however, so I respect his genius still. There is talk of cutting down the salaries of Government clerks. How can a Government so mercenary ever succeed? I hate mercenary people. Wrote to the President to warn him against reducing salaries.

. . . . . .

"O GOD, O GOD! to witness how, by the hands of LINCOLN-SEWARD-MCCLELLAN, my prospects are crumbled—and perhaps soon

'Pulvere vix tacto poterunt monstrare ruinæ.'

"Oh! I know what it is! All is going to ruin. MCCLELLAN has saved Washington, and won Antietam. WADSWORTH is defeated by SEYMOUR. STANTON is overruled by LINCOLN. The Abolitionists in the Senate are the laughing-stock of the people. I am to be discharged from my clerkship next month. Unhappy country—above all, unhappy GUROWSKI! *Tout est perdu, l'honneur y compris!* Would I could return to Russia—if I could be allowed to live there. But no. I will write a book and blackguard this Administration. They shall see how foul I can be. . . . . .

"This day I wrote to the President, that if I was not discharged, I would publish no book. He returns no answer. The die is then cast. I will expose a part of the truth. For the rest, *n'importe.* Have I not imagination? Ah! I am bilious with rage, and realize the pang—

'Nessun maggior' dolor' che ricordarsi dell tempo felice
Nello miseria.'

My duns assemble on the stairs and in the hall—I hear them ask for me. Let me hasten to lock the door, and then to commence my book. It shall be entitled 'GUROWSKI'S DIARY.' STANTON and WADSWORTH shall pay me for the puffs I give them. Let LINCOLN, SEWARD, and MCCLELLAN tremble!"

A STORMY PETREL.

THEY have an astounding weather-reporter on the *Daily Times*, who seems to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm with a courage and grace peculiarly bewitching. This gentleman, however, need not suppose that he is quite at the head of writers in the department of literature to which we refer. There is a young man in our pay whose productions in the same line are equal, if not superior to those of the storm-reporter of the *Times*. Our young man *ought* to know something about storms. He grew upon a coral-reef, and, when found, was engaged in the occupation of looking after Mother Carey's chickens, at a dollar a week and a board to sit on. We think that, on carefully comparing the following selections from articles written by the storm-reporter of the *Times* and by our young dog-vane, respectively, the reader will allow that we have reason to be vain of the young dog who keeps us weather-wise

The *Times* weather-stripling, describing a blow that fell upon New-York the other day, says:

"A great storm fell upon us yesterday morning about the hour of early dawn, and during the entire day and night, with furious blast and blinding rain, continued drearily to drive."

Our young weather-cock disposes of the announcement thus:

"Blast my pipe! didn't it rain yesterday? And blow? Gosh! Slashily slashed were folks all day by the rasping rain, and slushily slushed by the mad mud."

And here, again, behold the cunning hand of the stormcock of the *Times*:

"In the upper part of the city, where policemen are less vigilant, the truant waters broke over the piers, rushed through the streets, and poured into cellars, where astonished barrels of provisions, wash-tubs and wood-piles, waltzed in the excited eddies."

"Alike, but O how different," is the way in which our young windpiper puts it:

"Up town, owing to the inefficiency of the police, the wind went rampaging about like mad. So did the water. Truant wash-tubs might be seen going it pretty strong in company with wide-awake beer-casks; and, so excited became I, myself, in the wild delirium of the intoxicated stable-buckets and things, that I plunged recklessly into the watery element and executed a series of frantic waltzes with a wood-pile, until all was blue. Where *was* the police?"

From the above extracts, it will be seen that foul weather and fine writing will sometimes travel in company. It will also be judged that our young sea-mew mews much more musically than the one who invokes his muse for the *Times*, though he does it merely for his own amusement; in saying which we hope that we furnish the thoughtful mind with something to muse upon.

A Choke—Not a Joke.

SPEAKING of the disgraceful scenes in the Chamber at Albany, during the election of a Speaker, reporters tell us that "on the ninety-first ballot there was a tie."

To this all we have to remark is that, had the Tie referred to been a slip-noose, it might fittingly have been transferred from the ninety-first ballot to the neck of any one of the rowdy leaders by whom the occasion was disgraced.

Mot by a Mess Cook.

BETTER fight with raw troops than have your "goose cooked."

REMARKS ON ICE.

BY A LADY SKATER.

THERE!....the strap of my skate has come loose. Kneel down and buckle it, you stupid thing!

Don't squeeze my ankle!

Look at that stout woman grovelling about on those absurd shell-skates....I dare say she thinks herself pretty....What effrontery.....Venus on the half-shell skates!

What are those little towers for, you tiresome man?

O....for the calcium lights?....what nonsense to light up the ponds at night!....the moon's bad enough, goodness knows.

There! I'm down....now, how *could* you?

Don't!

There's a man on the bridge staring at us.

Look!....there's LIZZIE CRAWFORD with an English pork-pie hat on....Why doesn't she wear a knife and fork in it?

Doesn't wan't to cut her friends?....Oh! you naughty man, to make such a stupid pun!

Well, I declare!....CARRIE HAWKINS in a bloomer dress!....the boldness of *some* girls!

Isn't it nice going under the bridge?....I wish the pond was tunnelled over.

Be quiet now!

O there's Mrs. TYGHTE skating in a sky-scraper bonnet!....Goodness gracious! Won't *she* catch it....the wind, I mean.

Hold my hands while I skate backwards....Don't pull so....AURELIE NEWMUGGIN couldn't skate backward, *so*....Not even with AUGUSTINE SILVERCHIPS holding her hands.

Did you learn on parlor skates?....Look at those awful ribbons. How dreadful it is that vulgar people *will* skate!....There's no skating in Mexico, is there?....I read that ice is four shillings a pound there....Or was it in China?....Do you think the French will take it?....Mexico, not the ice....Impudence!

Oh! my!....there's aunt's carriage on the bank....Isn't it a pity aunty's too old and stout to skate?....and has no children to skate for her....no, not even on parlor skates....But then four hundred thousand dollars!....O don't I love aunty!

Just to think!....the four MCFLORENCE girls....don't they look Dutch?....such complexions!....ankles?....don't see any....nor waists. Follow them for safety....no danger where *they* pass over. Is my hair tumbled?....really?

Don't!

Oh! that horrid fat woman again!....with the *fichu russe*....and the muff....and the hat ....look!

"WHO ARE YOU RUSHING AT, MAN?"

De Gustibus.

THE Epicurean produced a bottle of fine old catsup, and placed it on the table with a judicious shake, while X. hacked vigorously at a very dry Bologna.

"There," said the former, "that Sauce has age."

"So has this Saus-age!" cried X.

Clamor and Tongs.

"WHAT's all this noise and excitement about fishing, on the Jersey coast?" asked One.

"I don't know," replied Another; "but I suppose it is only a Clammer!"

By an Aeronaut.

"WE are the only real aristocrats of to-day. We don't care much how we rise, so that our Descent is all right!"

A "Pipe" in which it is to be hoped that the Rebels may find no "Peace."

Our HOOKAH.

Against the Grain.

READING of our charity to the Lancashire operatives reminds us that it is really too good of us to be sending England our wheat and getting nothing but her Chaff in return.

A Sea-change.

"TELL that to the horse-marines" has long been a popular retort to "steep" propositions and announcements of the "sea-serpent" variety, but it seems to us that in view of the exploits and persistent enthusiasm of Messrs. CYRUS W. FIELD & Co., this retort would gain force by being henceforth amended into "Tell that to the Submarines!"

Dante applied to City Railway Travel.

(*A quotation for the Ladies.*)

"*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.*"

Free Trans.—all ye who enter here, Leave Hoops behind.

"Then came the Animiles, two by two."

"OBSERVE," said the Geometrician, proceeding with his diagram: "I continue the line A through the angle B. The Impingement is on the Arc at C."

"The Ark at Sea!" asked the Divinity-Student, innocently; "the Impingement? I never heard of any such beast!"

Marine Plants.

"THERE is no excuse for scurvy on shipboard," said X., "with the facilities they have for getting fresh vegetables."

"And where can they get them from?" asked the Captain.

"From the Yards, of course!" replied the Inveterate.

The Spoils of the Chase.

SHINPLASTERS.

"En Barbette."

Q. WHEN may guns be well called "dogs of war"?

A. When they're "trained."

Sweet Reflection by a Pug.

"EVERY minute as is gone by reminds me of a feller in the ring just afore his seconds goes and throws up the sponge. Knocked out of Time, you see."

For Equestrians, Only.

Q. WHY is a saddle like a Centaur?

A. Because it's between a man and a horse.

A Strong Pull and a Strong Pill.

SUCH is the remarkable degree of physical strength to which Dr. G. B. WINDSHIP, "the strong man," has brought himself by persistent training, that his patients are protesting loudly against his Physique, as being too much for them.

LIBERTY.

A ROMANCE.

I.

I AM an Intelligent Contraband. I am Forever Free. Mr. LINCOLN has said so. The *Tribune* has printed it in big type.

My master was a tobacco-planter in Hog-hole Swamp, Arkansas. He was a descendant of the Arkansas Traveller. When the Union army arrived, he became a traveller also. There is no law for the return of fugitive masters. I was left alone.

I went into the Union lines, and on New-Year's day a General read me Mr. LINCOLN'S Proclamation, and told me I was a free man. Then he gave me some bacon that smelt bad, and set me to work, digging trenches. I don't like to dig trenches. I told a soldier so. He laughed. I told an officer so. He said: "Go to the d—l." I told him I was free, and wouldn't. Then he kicked me. The kick was of that character that makes sitting down uncomfortable.

I thought that my liberty was not properly respected, so I took to the swamp. A sentinel shot at me as I passed. What had I to do with the contraband question? Am I not a free man?

II.

In the tangled swamp, I sat upon a highly picturesque stump, and thought of PHYLLIS....

"O joy!" I cried, in a sort of rapturous reverie; "Liberty is mine. I will fly to PHYLLIS, my dark-eyed love of the slumbrous soul and raven wool, and bear her far away with me, to isles where the mango apples grow."

So I rose up and went to the plantation where PHYLLIS lived. She met me with a childish delight. I told her we were free.

"O golly!" she said.

At that moment, her master appeared. I accosted him in a friendly manner, and informed him of my project concerning the isles above-mentioned....

"There's where you'll get your mango apple-cart upset," he replied, coarsely. "this yer is Union territory. The proclamash'n don't take no effect here. Now you jest come a-foolin' round my niggers agin, an' you'll git thunder."

"Sir," I responded, with dignity, "I am a free man, like yourself. That Proclamation makes me your equal."

He called to two large and muscular slaves; thewy, physical creatures, without nobility of soul. They pumped water on me, and drove me forth, weeping, alone.

III.

Northward! Over dreary plains of frosty herbage; through forest deserts; among wild copses of laurel and rhododendron that bruised my shins....

I trust I bear no shame for that. May not a free man's shins be his tenderest part? Does a long heel necessarily accompany a feeble brain? I have not studied ethnology for nothing.

I was very cold. My race are not fitted for low temperatures. My clothing was scanty and thin. I felt that I was free....yet, somehow, fond memory would persist in reverting to the warm savannas of the old plantation. The North is cold, dark, forbidding.

Yet I toiled on. I had but little food. Nobody would employ me, and nobody wished to give me alms. Nor did I care to obtain work. Why should I? Was I not free? I worked when a slave; where the merit of Liberty, if I must work now?

I knew that the North was full of great philanthropic souls. GREELEY, Mrs. STOWE, GARRISON, GERRITT SMITH, LOVEJOY—these, at least, were my friends....

I arrived, at length, in Washington—a great city of intellect and power. I felt that I was one of the Sovereign People, who own.... and support....that city. I stood before the Capitol, and murmured:

"I am free!"

A very tall, homely man, with black whiskers and honest eyes, came down the steps. I caught his hand. He looked at me as if surprised, and spoke:

"Well; what is it?"

"I am a free man. I come from Hog-hole Swamp, Arkansas. I am hungry and cold."

"O, go 'way!" replied the man. "Don't bother me. I'm sick of the very sight of you niggers!"

"Sir," I said, "You insult your equal. I am your peer. The Proclamation...."

"Confound the Proclamation! I almost wish I had never issued it!"

I turned away, weeping.

IV.

A knot of Congressional magnates stood near, chewing tobacco. I approached them, to ask for a chair, and heard one addressed as Mr. LOVEJOY....

"You are my friend, at least!" I cried, with real emotion; "I was a slave. I am now at liberty!"

The gentleman drew down his under eyelid with his little finger.

"Do you see anything green, there?" he asked.

"Mock me not!" I exclaimed; "am I not a man and a brother?"

"Why don't you go to work, you lazy fellow?" asked another Congressman, who had a smell of cobbler's wax about him; "I used to work down at Natick."

"Sir," I answered scornfully, "I am free."

They laughed, vulgarly, and I went away with a heavy heart.

V.

Still farther Northward. Colder, more inhospitable. Vague doubts and half-regrets crept into my brain. Is this Liberty? Ah! poor heart, take courage!

Still, I was free; and free to confess that I had never suffered so much before.

Some one showed me Mrs. NEGROPHILE'S house. A splendid carriage stood before the door. I rang. A servant came.

"I wish to see Mrs. NEGROPHILE. Tell her a newly-freed slave to see her."

The lackey returned very soon.

"Your card, please."

"I have no card. I am cold and hungry."

The lackey went and came again.

"She doesn't see *that kind*," he said. I shuddered, and went to the office of the *Tribune*. I found two young men there, with their feet on the desks.

"Hello!" said one, "here's a friend of Old GREELEY! Thpeak up, brudder! yah, yah!"

"Young man," I said, "I am a friend of all men."

"He keeps the place next door," said the other.

"I come to you in the name of Humanity."

"Look here," said the first, "I don't want any blowed nonsense round here. Clear out, before I put you out."

"Is Mr. GREELEY in?"

"Not for you. Leave this!"

He raised a paper-weight, threateningly. I departed.

A *Herald* compositor gave me sixpence that night, and I had something to eat, for the first time in two days.

VI.

Northward still. I found GERRITT SMITH, at length. A large, white-haired man, with a restless, vacant eye.

"My friend," said he, "ethnologistic and sidereal influences are antagonistic in their magnetism. The arbitrary enunciation of a dogmatic allocution is not productive of habiliary conditions."

"I am cold and hungry," I said.

"Certainly. Isothermal relations cannot be ignored with impunity. Whistle-pipes and thunder! How's your mother? JOHN BROWN'S body hangs a-dangling in the grave! Take 'em away! Take 'em off!"

His eyes grew very wild, and he pawed the air vigorously. I was afraid, and went away, sorrowing.

"'*O Liberté, Liberté!*" I cried, "*combien des crimes sont commis sous ton nom!*"

A gang of laborers were at work upon a railroad near by. I went to them.

"What wages do you get?"

"Seventy-five cints a day, in railroad scrip."

"What do you do with it?"

"It passes at the shtore."

"What store?"

"Railroad shtore. Divil a place else."

"What does it cost you to live?"

"All we git, jist; barrin' enough for a dhrunk, Sathurday nights. I always makes a baste o' meself, then."

I reflected. These were free men. They worked harder than I did when a slave, and for a bare living....worse food, worse clothes, and more beastliness on Saturday night....for I had never been allowed to kill myself with bad whiskey.

"And, if you are sick, or get old....?"

"Och, then we go to the divil!"

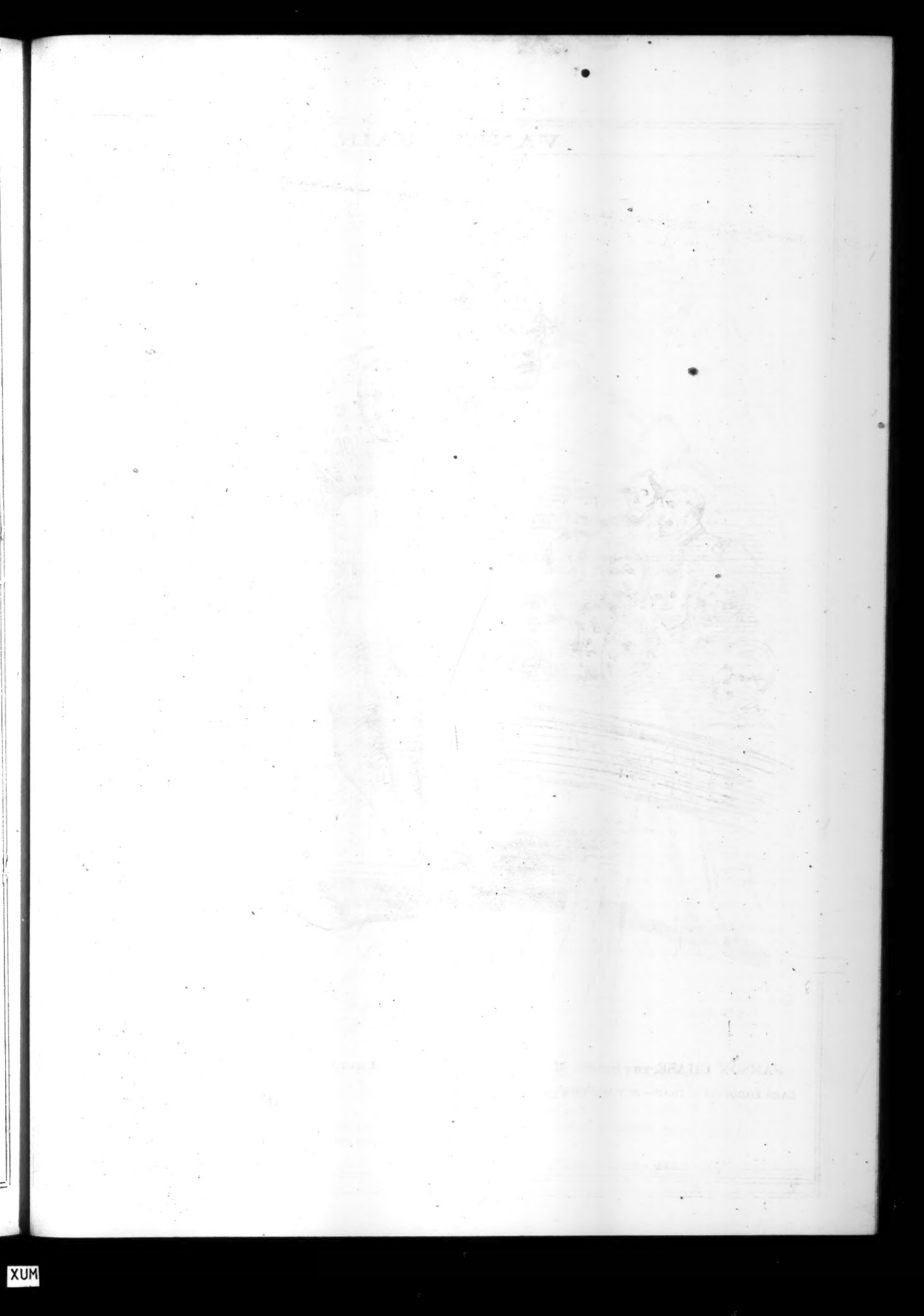
I thought of my father, who had food and raiment for five years of his dotage, without a stroke of work.

"But your families are not separated from you."

"No sich good luck. I haven't seen the ould 'ooman for two year, but she keeps dingin' me for money all the time!"

I was satisfied. I begged a few coppers, and set my face sternly Southward.

O Liberty!



SAMSON CHASE, THE STRONG MAN OF THE SHOW, UNDERTAKES TO RAISE NINE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THROUGH A TRAP—BUT WE DON'T SEE IT, YET.

Shakespeare altered to suit King Fernando.

Member of Third House.—My Lord! RICHMOND is on the Seize.
King Fernando.— . . . . . Ha! goes the DEAN so?
Then spring the seize on him, white-livered runagate
Who ne'er plays fair!

TO "FIGHTING JOE HOOKER."

JOSEPH! when first the light of day
Upon your senses broke,
Your eyes beheld the cloud of war—
Your nostrils breathed its smoke!
Your country fought a mighty power:
But Heaven had not forsook her!
She fought, and conquered gloriously—
While peaceful slept Joe Hooker!
Little Joe—
Pretty Joe—
Chubby-cheeked Joe Hooker!

When next she armed her valiant sons,
And fought the Mexican,
The babe to man's estate had grown—
And proved he was a man!
At Monterey, with such as he,
Her foes not long could brook her;
At National Bridge—Chapultepec—
They learned to dread Joe Hooker!
Gallant Joe—
Fearless Joe—
Manly young Joe Hooker!

And when her fair domain was rent,
And War once more awoke,
At Williamsburgh—Fair Oaks—she saw
Her hero, 'midst the smoke!
She watched him through the Seven Days' fight,
To sad Bull Run he took her,
At Antietam—at Fredericksburgh—
She worshipped brave Joe Hooker!
Fighting Joe—
Dashing Joe—
Glorious old Joe Hooker.

Joseph! the work is not yet done!
Dark lowers the coming cloud!—
But still your country looks aloft,
Still in her bearing proud!
She puts her deep trust—next to God—
In one who ne'er mistook her:
Heaven crown with swift success, and peace,
Her faith in you, Joe Hooker!
Modest Joe—
Noble Joe—
Matchless old Joe Hooker!

The Bear Truth.

THERE is a paragraph going the rounds of European papers about an eccentric Russian Prince, or Count, who has lately been amusing Paris with his vagaries, one of which is the maintenance of a caravan of wild beasts, which he makes his *compagnons de voyage*.

We think we can discern the origin of the above somewhat penny-a-liny story. GUROWSKI tells us in his diary that he had nearly made up his mind to retire from this ungrateful republic, and leave Mrs. COLUMBIA to manage her domestic affairs without his valuable assistance. It now seems probable that he has done so. The Russian nobleman pointed at in the paragraph referred to is evidently no other than GUROWSKI; and the foolish bit of romance about the menagerie must have been founded on the fact that there is invariably a bear in the carriage in which GUROWSKI travels.

The Upshot of It.

THE following extract is from a letter lately published in a sporting city paper:

"DEAR SIR: In your challenge you offer to shoot any five men in the United States. In case there cannot be five found to accept it, will you shoot four?"

Having read so far, we laid down the paper, for we felt that the national character was concerned. Could it be that in this age of gunpowder and chivalry, the United States would fail to produce five just men waiting for an opportunity of being shot? Perish the man who would thus deny to the American citizen his proclivity for gunpowder! Certainly, repeated we, perish he must, and by our hand; and, resuming the paper, we read on through the paragraph, to arrive at his name and address. It was all about a pigeon match. There was no "difficulty" except with LINDLEY MURRAY, whose grammatical instructions had been slighted by the writer quoted; and thus was our vengeance defeated.

A TIMES LEADER.

AMONG literary collectors there exists a natural and not a discreditable taste for the original manuscripts, or first draughts, of favorite writings. In themselves such relics are valuable, as mementoes of admired authors. A shred of "Paradise Lost," in the handwriting of MILTON—who would not cherish it? But such relics have yet another value. They furnish the commentator with "original readings," the staple of countless foot-notes, and they serve to illustrate the intellectual processes, whereby finished results were obtained in the published works of the distinguished author. Such glimpses of the hidden machinery of great minds are deeply interesting. If JENKINS, in his sweet poem on "The Loves of the Artichoke," rhymes "rose" with "blows," how genuine is the satisfaction with which we learn, from a bit of his "original manuscript," that it was "nose" and not "rose" that suggested "blows"! It is by discoveries of this nature that scholars, like Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, make themselves illustrious. So be it. We confess to a weakness for such choice curiosities of literature. A rare specimen has just reached us—neither more nor less than the FIRST DRAUGHT of an EDITORIAL ARTICLE, by a distinguished journalist of this city! Of its authenticity there can be no doubt whatever; and those who remember the leading article on "General BURNSIDE and the People," which appeared in the *Daily Times* of December 30th, 1862, will, we think, readily perceive its germ in the following rough draught:

"Repulse at Fred'gb. BURNSIDE still man. Grievous defeat strengthens commander in hearts of people. People like Pluck. River—face of enemy—daring march—Gen. B. staid at PHILLIPS House. Heroic traits of character. Why compare Gen. BURNSIDE with Gen. MCCLELLAN? Very different persons. 'Comparisons odorous.' General MCCLELLAN is a prudent man. General BURNSIDE is not. Gen. MCCL' is a scientific soldier. Gen. B'SIDE is not. But neither prudence nor silence is desirable in conducting an aggressive war. We want leader who will push on and keep moving, even though he push on backwards and keep moving to the rear. General BURNSIDE excels in these qualities. Purely offensive personage desirable. MCCLELLAN defensive. (Mem—No need to mention that he never gives ground and never was defeated. Admission bad policy.) All observers must admit that McC. never fought an offensive battle in his life, above once or twice, except in several instances. He did, indeed, advance against Richmond, driving the foe before him at Williamsburgh and Hanover Junction, (abate the credit.) He also fought the battle of Fair Oaks, (undervalue it.) No need to mention timid Government holding back reinforcements. Continued to fight seven days. Great retreat. Allude to Antietam. Attacked the enemy and def't'd them. Nothing but a defensive proceeding, however; since it only saved the capital of the Republic. Such a General unsuited to A. LINCOLN, H. GREELEY, 900,000 heroes, including self. Public mind can't stand it. Must have strenuous on-pushing spirit. Desires to bleed—Chicka'ny swamps. Slur Gen. Mc. Action, etc."

The unguarded admissions which appear in this singular document will not be found in the editorial as printed—showing that skill in journalism is especially desirable to Trimmers in political life.

Mighty Good.

"I GUESS I can lick any three men here!" brayed a drunken, gigantic rough in one of the unfashionable saloons, the other night.

"Don't do it, sir, don't do it," exclaimed our rowdy reporter—"Columbia expects that every man will contribute his Might to crush the rebellion, at this crisis."

Reappearance of Specie.

ANTIQUARIANS are revelling in the discovery, near Rouen, in France, of a silver coin of TITUS, the Roman Emperor.

We can fully enter into the feelings of these worthy old fossils. The discovery of any silver coin at this present moment—near Ruin as everything seems to be—would drive us to get "tight" as TITUS, the Roman Emperor, ever could have been, or perish in the attempt.

ONE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S TRIUMPHAL CARS.—His Cochin-China.

The Very Worst Yet.

WHAT modern political prison resembles the British General CORNWALLIS?

Fought LAFAYETTE!

A MIXED BUSINESS.

Confectioner, who has ballads for sale.—"WELL, CHILD, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR YOUR MONEY?"

Small Customer.—"A CENT'S WORTH OF M'LASSES CANDY, PLEASE MA'AM, AND 'SOME ONE TO LOVE.'"

Glory.

ONE of the heavy weeklies thus records the honors of a dead soldier:

"Though giving up his life in defence of his country, in the ranks of the private, he possessed as manly a soul as ever breathed."

Is it the rule that "privates" do not possess "manly souls"? Or is it considered a special merit to have had a "soul" that "breathed"? Alas! that one who dies in battle should be covered with nonsense! But such is glory—"to be shot," said BYRON, "and have your name misspelled in the Gazette of honor!"

"Nascitur—non Fit."

IN an article on West-Point education, the *Daily Times* says:

"The commander is born, or, with all his science, he is no commander at all."

We agree with the *Times*, that the commander is born such—*nascitur*, as the Latin version has it: but we go further than the journal in question, and, following out the classical dictum, we will say that *non fit* may also be applicable to a certain commander of our armies who neglected to join battle when he had a chance.

A Shaky Brother.

"LET us steady ourselves," exclaims a religious contemporary. The remark is ominous in these boisterous times: but soda-water will do it.

THE "TRIBUNE'S" PROPOSITION FOR MEDIATION.—*Parlez au Suisse.*

A Powerful Poke.

Q. WHEN is a defaulter a paradox?
A. When he's a *non est* man.

HE HARRIET LANE.

AIR: MARY BLANE.

We sent a trim and gallant craft
As ever rode the main,
To cruise in Southern waters—
She was called the Harriet Lane.
Farewell! farewell! farewell! stout Harriet Lane,
Oh! do take care of ourself good ship,
And come safe back again.

She sailed away for Galveston,
And when the town was ta'en
Cast anchor in the harbor,
Did our dashing Harriet Lane.
Look out! look out! look out! bold Harriet Lane,
Or the Rebs may catch you in their toils
Like a herring in a seine.

Two steamboats cased in cotton
One morning they raised Cain,
With cannon and with muskets,
On the startled Harriet Lane.
God help! God help! God help! the Harriet Lane,
Her sailors fought as true men fight,
But their valor was in vain.

The ships that might have saved her
Like dastards fled amain,
Yes, *Sauve qui peut*, the captain cried,
And they left the Harriet Lane.
Alas! alas! alas! poor Harriet Lane,
They all took care of themselves, the curs,
And dodged the iron rain.

We lost the Isle of Galveston,
And WELLES, the great Insane,
Is minus one big gunboat
And the saucy Harriet Lane.
And now, and now, and now the Harriet Lane
Is off to sea on a pirate-cruise,
And will work our commerce bane.

Heave help the Hartford Sea-King,
Who *doesn't* rule the main;
Post-captain of a post-office
May he soon be again.
The nation tells him to his beard he's but a dolt inane,
Just fit to guide a fleet of scows
Or to drive a tow-path train.

Three hundred men at Galveston,
And then a bridge—O shame!—
Left standing in the Union rear—
But nobody's to blame.
The War and Navy Bureaux our admiration claim,
And if we all to the Devil go,
To them 'tis all the same.

O say, ye Powers above us!
To whom the wronged complain,
Is there indeed no turning
To Disaster's bloody lane?
Is madness, madness, madness still to reign
Till the good old Union strikes its flag
Like the battered Harriet Lane?

SAULSBURY.

THE compliments of the season being nearly exhausted in the Chamber at Albany, persons of the sportive turn will be delighted to find that they flourish a good deal in the Senate at Washington.

SAULSBURY, of Delaware, opened the ball there a few days since, by threatening to open the Sergeant-at Arms with one from his six-shooter, if that officer attempted to perform his duty by arresting SAULSBURY for using language of the most unparliamentary flavor. SAULSBURY, who was very drunk—or, to use the blandiloquent expression of the reporters—who is "in the habit of visiting the refectory very frequently," gave utterance, in a manner and accent very characteristic of the man, to the following disloyal sentiment:

"PRESLINKINIMCILE."

This having been duly translated by the delirium dragoman of the Senate, naturally did not please the Vice-President very much, nor could he refrain from displaying his annoyance by ordering the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest SAULSBURY, dip his head in cold water, put a mustard plaster upon his back, another upon his chest, and a copy of the *Tribune* under him where he sat.

Late advices from Washington bring us the pleasing intelligence that the treatment referred to has not had the least effect upon SAULSBURY, one way or the other. His expulsion from the Senate, therefore, as moved by Mr. CLARK, of New-Hampshire, may be looked upon as a *fait accompli;* and we would strongly recommend Mr. BARNUM to be on hand when that desirable event takes place, as the snakes inhabiting SAULSBURY's boots are stated to be both large and numerous.

NOTICE TO SKATERS.

"THE BAWL IS UP!"

ST. VALENTINE IN '63.

To PEGTOPS cometh CRINOLINE,
"Oh, you must be my VALENTINE!
You need a nice companion, who
Will creditable be to you:
My taste in bonnets, as you see,
Marks the superlative degree;
For Honiton and Valenciennes
I have a *goût* also, but then,
'Expense no object,' to my mind
Is the best saying of its kind.
So we must worship at the shrine
Of golden-ringed Saint VALENTINE;
And then, with song and dance and play,
Exuberant we'll pass the day."

Replieth PEGTOPS, then, to her:
"Sweet flower of the gay parterre,
Nothing more perfect, I confess—
Except your beauty—than your dress.
The structure on your lovely head
Sprung, surely, from some garden-bed,
The *Gros de Rhin* that forms your skirt
Trails queenly in the Broadway dirt,
And naught, I pledge my honor, can
Approach for taste your *gants Jouvin*,
But"—

"What?—but what?" impatiently
Of PEG-A-TOPS demanded she.

"But *this*, adorable ma'am'selle,
Since me to candor you compel;
That laces, ribbons, *grenadine*,
Even when things were most serene,
Nor all that makes the *modiste's* toil
Could operate the pot to boil;
And now, when heavy on our backs is
A two-horse load of thumping taxes,
How is it possible that you
Imagine *one* can pay for two?"
Thus PEGTOPS, and, with injured manner,
Drew from his case a fresh Havana.

With irony, then, CRINOLINE:
"The fault, of course, is clearly mine;
To you belongs the simple taste
Of luxuries on cheapness based.
That prime cigar which represents
A fragrant bouquet of twelve *cents;*
The fast horse that on Bloomingdale
Whisks lightning from his flashing tail;
Two-shilling-drinks, drawn by the ell
From JOE at the New-York Hotel—
All these, of course, extract the shine
Out of poor old Saint VALENTINE.
But, as you say, it's only human—
O that *we* had the cheek of you men!"

"Bless me! ma'am'selle, some truth *does* hang
On your proficiency in slang:
Suppose we halve it, like a cherry
Nipt at two bites by lovers merry.
Let you your gloves and laces wear
With a full system of repair,
Reserve your valuable skirt
For anything but sweeping dirt,
And I will cheerfully forego
The nips you seem so well to know,
Cut my regalias and Cognac,
Nor with a fast nag skim the track;
Commencing my improved career
With meerschaum pipes and mugs of beer."

Then, laughingly, said CRINOLINE,
"Now I have found my VALENTINE!"
And off they *galoped*, hand-in-hand,
Unto the lilt of "Happy Land!"

Hebrew Catechism.

Q. What kind of evergreen might General GRANT have represented by this time, had not the President come "down upon him"?
A. A Jew Nipper.

WAR NOTIONS OF A LAY BRIGADIER.

I. I HAVE long been convinced that two negatives make an affirmative, which granted, it is easy to see that two black soldiers must be better than ten white ones, in the field.

II. I am quite certain that by drilling men of all shades of color — especially Blacks and Yellows, with their intermediate hues — and putting dangerous weapons into their hands, this rebellion can be crushed out in ninety days. I don't say *winter* days, mind, but good, long, summer days, such as we may yet see, if we arm our contrabands.

III. If every foot of ground is to be contested in this struggle, the odds must be in favor of the Negro. His foot covers four times as much ground as that of any mere white man — except my own, perhaps.

IV. He who says that we can bring this war to a successful termination without the aid of Black light infantry, slightly armed to the teeth, is a Knight of the Golden Circle.

V. Reörganize the Cabinet, composing it of seven able-bodied and efficient Negroes, each determined to plant his right foot on the neck of rebellion at ninety days' sight. If that don't crush it, you may wonder!

VI. Turn all the cadets out of the West-Point Academy, and replace them from the Asylum for Colored Orphans on Fifth avenue. Teach them the new JOHN BROWN song, but do not debar them from indulging in such lighter melodies as Zip Coon.

VII. Should Liberia at any time be disposed to intervene, let us treat her with every respect and the most distinguished consideration. I spoke but lately of Switzerland as a power to whom we might entrust the settlement of our little difficulties; but matured reflection convinces me that it is to Liberia we should look. This not to be considered, however, until we see what the ninety summer days may bring forth.

VIII. I think it is within the purview of common-sense that mine is the only plan for crushing out the rebellion in ninety days. I don't profess to know more about the art of war than any other man, but them's my sentiments, as sure as eggs is eggs.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Legends of Charlemagne. Boston: J. E. TILTON & Co.

An elegant, festive-looking volume; got up in full dress, as if going straight to a fancy ball.

MESSRS. TILTON & Co. have also published a charming photograph from DARLEY'S drawing entitled "Morning, Noon, and Night." Mr. DARLEY'S works appear to be especially well adapted for this style of reproduction.

JONATHAN ON NAPOLEON III.

SOME folks pertend (smart folks they must be, teöo!)
Ye can't tell nothin' 'baöut folks by the *face:*
Naöw all *I've* got to say is—and it's *treüe*—
I'm a big meracle, ef that's the case!

Ef folks 'ad never heerd o' WASHIN'TON,
An' wanted to know his charicter—law suz!
His *picter*, ef 'twooz only jest begun,
'D make 'em *feel* the kind o' man he wuz!

Fact is, GOD never made a thing in vain—
All things mean *so'thin:* haöw'd children tell
Yer charicter 'thaöut no one to explain,
Ef 'taint yer *face* that helps 'em guess so well?

I tell ye, w'en a man hes showed his *face*,
He's give the key to all you want to know;
Ef you *will* use another in its place,
W'y that don't prove the right key wouldn't go!

Take *any* picter o' the NAP. that's dead—
Take the most *human* one you've ever seen—
Put it 'longside o' WASHIN'TON'S graänd head;
I guess ye'll kind o' ketch at wut I mean!

An' w'en ye come to puttin' LEWY'S there—
My heavens! haöw ye'll want to *kick* that face—
With its mouse-tail musseltouch an' soap-lock hair—
Fur ever bein' ketched in sech a place!

Wut a sly, selfish, cruel face he's got!
Sech eyes as *them* fur a *great* Man to look threöugh!
Say a great Humbug—Juggler, like as not—
An' then the flatterin' title mebbe'll deö!

D'ye see much Angel in them featers o' his'n?
D'ye see much *treüth* er *goodness* stickin' aöut?
Wal, naöw, jest take him sence he broke frum pris'n—
Ye'll find 'em in his *history*, no daöubt!

Ain't he the biggest Fox that ever reigned!
Haöw is he reignin' *naöw*, ef 'tain't by fraud?
An' haöw's his show o' wealth an' paöwer maintained,
Ef 'tain't by robbin' the laänd he's overawed?

I tell ye, that air 'rangement he struck up
With England, w'en they fit the Roosh'n Bear—
It must 'a' be'n a mighty bitter cup
Fur Britishers to swallow fair an' square!

I knew that so't o' thing must come to a stop.
Of course they mixed at fust; that wa'n't no wonder.
But the oily Frenchman *would* come up a-top,
An' so his kerfle pardner run frum under!

COLUMBY saw a vision t'other night—
An' sometimes visions ain't to be dispised—
NAP., with a Mexican hat, appeared in sight;
An' by that dream COLUMBY wuz advised.

An' w'en NAP. he'd w'ere Giner'l BANKS 'ad gone,
D'ye s'pose his long head didn't git a scratch?
I'll bet he dug a bald place on the crown,
Fur 'tain't so often LEWY finds his match!

An' 'twa'n't t' l then—you mark my words fur once—
It wa'n't t', *then* he wished he'd jest said *No*
To the rebel plans, an' not be'n sech a dunce
As to go an' poke his nose in Mexico!

I tell ye, folks, the time ain't fur ahead
W'en sech a thing as one man bein' able
To rob a Nation of its peace an' bread,
Jest fur ambition, *must* lay on the table!

The last an' meanest—p'raps the smartist, teöo—
Of all the humbug lot, is this same NAP.;
An' 'twon't be long, ef all I hear is treüe,
Afore he'll wish he wooz some other chap!

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McArone.

Out West, Dec. 28th.

Dear Vanity:—When old Georgie Bancroft wrote his History of the United States, . . . an idea, by the way, which I suggested to him . . . he told me that he had great difficulty, at the '76 part of it, in finding out who won the famous battles.

We are a little troubled that way at the present day.

For instance, I see that my great victory out at Vicksburgh, not long since, is called a "disaster" by many papers, while General Bragg claimed the battle of Murfreesboro' as a signal triumph of the Confederate arms!

Now this sort of thing won't wash. It resembles some of my zouzous in that particular.

J. Davis is afflicted with a similar confusion of ideas. In one of his many recent Proclamations . . . he and Abe seem to be playing a proclaiming-match for heavy stakes....he says that his armies have never yet suffered defeat. I rather like good hard cheek.... it is quite in my line....but I warn J. Davis that a few more Confederate victories like Fort Donelson, New-Orleans, Shiloh, Antietam, Prairie Grove, Murfreesboro', Arkansas Post, and others of the same kidney, would leave him a poor show of a leg to stand upon.

The correspondents have made a sad mull of their letters from Vicksburgh. They were all so anxious to make their accounts what Edmund Clarence calls "synthetic," that they omitted to state the facts. I could do better with one hand tied behind my back.

First off, when I went out West, it was more for amusement than anything else, but partly to see the great National curiosity known as the Pope's Sea. It is, as you may guess, a canal cut through the great bend near Vicksburgh, which does not make that place an inland city. It was dug by a General who scorns shovels and picks ever since. Maybe his Western familiarity with those peaceful weapons bred the contempt he feels.

After inspecting this work, which has the air of a good strong bid for water to run up hill, it occurred to me that the neighborhood was a favorable one for a fight, so I brought General Sherman and his army down the Mississippi, and sent them into the Yazoo.

It is one of my rules never to know anything about the position or strength of the enemy before I engage him, and in this rule Sherman devoutly coïncides.

We sent the gunboat *Benton* up the river with orders to reconnoitre if the captain chose, but to go ahead anyhow and take Vicksburgh when convenient. She went, and presently run against a battery, which made a sieve of her.

I then went, with Sherman, in a row-boat, through the streams and bayous thereabout, to find a good place to land. Every passable region was barricaded and blocked with abattis, but one. We went ashore at a nice dock, and found a broad macadamized road leading back through the swamp, with neat stone bridges over the bayous. At the same moment, a number of highly intelligent contrabands welcomed us, saying that they were old-line Whigs, in favor of the Proclamation,* and constant readers of the *Tribune*. General Sherman asked me if were on the right road, and they assured us we were, as that path would take us to the backyard of Vicksburgh, where the rebels had forgotten to place any batteries.

Me and Sherman were gratified by this information, and instantly debarked all our troops, guns, supplies, etc., and sent a company on, as an advance, while we waited. Hearing nothing from this company, we sent another, and waited again. In this way, we disposed of three regiments, none of which have been heard of since.

We then advanced the rest of the army, and came, before long, to a series of swamps, abattis, ditches, and bayous, that rendered a line of battle impossible. Evidently, there was some mistake. General Sherman went back, in person, to ask the intelligent contrabands about it, but they were not to be found.

The Rebel batteries and sharpshooters now opened upon us. I commanded my gunboats to throw shells as far as they could in the direction of Vicksburgh, Port Hudson, Richmond, and other parts of the country, which I suppose they did. Sherman ordered the troops to encamp, which, as they had neither tents nor blankets, was quickly done.

Naturally enough, we lost a good many men that night, and in the morning the army was quite willing to withdraw, so we returned to our fleet, covered with glory.

How ridiculous, then, dear Vanity, for the insatiate quill-drivers of the daily press to call this a defeat! Here were the Rebels, endeavoring to capture and annihilate the Union forces. They failed. Here were we, endeavoring to escape capture and annihilation. We succeeded. Now, if the Rebels failed and we succeeded, how the deuce can you call it a Rebel victory? Nonsense!

From evidences lately presented by the ballot-box in New-York, Pennsylvania, and New-Jersey, things will soon be slightly different, down here in the army.

My impression is that the old Council-of-Ten style of things is about done for, in this country. It did pretty well for Venice, some years ago, but we haven't got a Yankee Doge yet, and I am credibly informed that we will not have one at present. Mr. Lincoln declines the position; wisely, I think.

The Proclamation works beautifully. All over Dixie, wherever no Union men are to be found, the niggers feel a great deal freer than they did. Such, at least, is the statement of a gentleman of marked political ability in New-Hampshire.

Give my love to the Army of the Potomac, please, and tell them to bide their time. Neither they nor their gallant and honorable leader shall be sacrificed yet, for they have a warm and powerful friend in him who is also . . .

Yours, McArone.

* Which one?—Eds. V. F.

THE MUG OF PORTER.

BY A PLAIN-SPOKEN MAN.

Some folks says Judge Holt was partial
Windin' up the late Court-Martial,
Which they sat on General Porter
And squevelched him, as they orter.

But the times is come when candor
Must cut out all cant and slander:
Let men cast off politics and
Leave their boots in that 'ere quicksand.

I declare myself a-thinkin'
Twice as fair of Mr. Lincoln
Since he's took to tightly squeezin'
Them as acts a'most like treason.

Who can tell the swindlin', tiplin'
Want of morials and discipline,
Which could make brave men, O thunder!
To the rebel skulks knock under?

Never, then, your growls redouble
Because a general's come to trouble;
But, should they use him even rougher,
Say, "Sarve him rightly—let him suffer!"

For, henceforth—Heaven bless your five wits!—
Shall bad sergeants, corp'rals, privates,
See their faces—nothin' shorter—
Reflected in the Mug of Porter.

Knocking Under.

"Talk about your hereditary patriotism," cried X., "why, my father Fought Under General Jackson!"

"I thought they were deadly enemies," said the Gentleman of the Old School.

"So they were," responded X., "and the only time they ever fought, Jackson was on top!"

"Will you—will you—take something?" murmured the old gentleman blandly.

Mind versus Matter.

"Ah!" sighed the Poet, "we are, after all, inferior to our meanest chattels. When I move, Adams & Co. can easily Express my trunk. But when I am Moved, how hard it is for me to Express myself!"

Epigram.

The Common Council—wont to take things strong,
And see in Japan varnish nothing wrong—
Anxious to keep the Body Politic,
And spread it thin when they can't spread it thick,
Hearing at last that Porter had been tried,
Now take to Porter with becoming pride.